ing them. They keep fresh for half a year (fresh enough for Patagonia), and one egg.
being equal to eight or ten hen's eggs, 18
considered the fair quota for one person's
dinner. The Darwinii ostriches are extremely shy, and as their vision is remarkably acute, it is by no means an easy matter to capture them, unless the hunter has well-trained dogs. The American bird has many habits in common with his African cousin. One of these is that he scoots shead in a straight line when pursued, and always against the wind, if he can. Aware of this habit the Patagonians chase him on horseback, first placing some of their party in ambush in the direction which he is likely to take. They then gallop full tilt up to the line of flight, and either intercept the ostrich altogether, or "hopple" it with a pair of bolas.

CAPTURING THE BIG BIRDS. The latter weapon is peculiarly Patagoian, and was in use nobody knows how many centuries before the coming of white men; yet nothing better has ever been devised for hunting the shy creatures of the plains, and the Spaniards and Guachos, away up in Chili and Argentine, have adopted its use. To make a pair of bolas. take two stone of unequal size-one about as large as a goose egg, the other as a hen's egg-and grind them perfectly smooth by rubbing one against the other. Cover each with a bit of guanaco raw-hide, firmly sewed on, till it looks something like a cricket-ball. Then cut two stout thongs, each about four feet long; attach one end of each to a ball, and knot the other end of the thongs together, so that when the strings are at full stretch the balls will be at least eight feet apart. That is all there is of it, and the bolas are then ready for use. But the difficulty commences when the novice attempts to handle them, for dexterity comes only with long practice. Every Patagonian has had his almost from the cradle, for the bolas is the plaything of his childhood as the sling is of the Bolivian gamin, and to display skill in its management has been the pride of his youth, so that it is no wonder he becomes so proficient that he can project the balls an incredible distance, with unerring accuracy of aim, in such a way that the thong will wind around the legs of the unlucky object struck, whether man, beast or bird, with force enough to bury itself in the flesh. The method of throwing an animal with the bolas has been thus graphically described: "The right hand only is used; and this grasps the thongs at their point of union, about half way between the ends. The balls are then whirled in a circular motion around the head, and when sufficient centrifugal power has been obtained the weapon is launched at the object to be captured. The aim is a matter of nice calculation, in which mind, eye and arm all bear a part; and so true is this aim in Patagonian practice that the hunter seldom fails to bring down or otherwise cripple his game, be it ostrich, cavy or guan-aco." The rounding of the stones is the work of the women, and it takes two or three days to grind a pair to the proper spherical shape. In some districts further north a third ball has been introduced, but the Indians do not regard this as an improvement. Wooden balls are sometimes used, and iron ones whenever they can be had, as the heavier they are the more execution they will do. A true Patagonian, on horseback, armed with a pair of iron bolas, 18 a formidable enemy, from which neither bird nor beast, within a radius of fifty yards, has the smallest chance of escape. Commander Musters, in his interesting book called "At Home with the Patagonians," says that the Indian law of dividing the game is as follows: The man who bails the ostrich leaves it for the other who has been chasing with him to take charge of until the end of the hunt. Then the feathers and body from the head to the breast-bone and one leg belong to the captor, the remainder to his assistant. Fires are kindled, and while stones are heating the ostrich is plucked, the wing feathers being carefully tied together with a piece of sinew. The bird is then laid on its back and drawn; the legs are carefully skinned down and the bone taken out, leaving the skin. The carcass is then separated into halves, and the back-bone having been extracted from the lower half the meat is sliced so as to admit the heated stones laid in between the sections, and then it is tied up like a bag, secured by the skin of the legs, with a small bone thrust through to keep all tant. The whole is placed on the live embers of the fire, and, when it is nearly done, a light blaze is kindled to perfectly reast the meatoutside. During the process of cooking it has to be frequently turned, that all parts may be thoroughly baked. When taken from the fire the top part is cut off and the stones removed, when broth and meat will be found delicious. The party gather around to eat the meat, first supping chunks of it in the broth. The back part, which, if the ostrich was in good condition, is almost solid fat, is then divided, tid-bits being given to each, not forgetting the waiting women and children. When the breast and head part are to be cooked the bones are not extracted, but the wings are turned inside out, the breast cavity filled with heated stones and then tied up. The giz-zard, which is large enough to fill both hands, is carefully cooked by the insertion of a hot stone. The eyes, too, are sucked and the tripe devoured; and the hungry

dogs get the little that is left. FANNIE B. WARD. THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.

Tradition of the Manner in Which the Young Fir Was Chosen for the Special Honor.

Henry Van Dyke, in the Century. "Hearken, ye sons of the forest! No blood is the birth-night of the white Christ, the son of the all-Father, the savior of mankind. Fairer is he than Baldur the Beautiful, greater than Odin the Wise, kinder than Freys the Good. Since He has come sacrifice is ended. The dark Thor, on whom ye have vainly called, is dead. Deep in the shades of Nifielheim he is lost forever. And now on this Christ-night ye shall begin to live. This blood-tree shall darken your land no more. In the name of the Lord I will destroy it."

He grasped the broad-ax from the hand of Gregor, and striding to the oak began to hew against it. Then the sole wonder in Winfrid's life came to pass. For, as the bright blade circled above his head, and the flakes of wood flew from the deepening gash in the body of the tree, a whirling wind passed over the forest. It gripped the oak from its foundations. Backward it fell like a tower, groaning as it split asunder in four pieces. But just behind it, and unbarmed by the ruin, stood a young fir tree, pointing a green spire toward the

Winfrid let the ax drop and turned to speak to the people. "This little tree, a young child of the to rest, shall be your holy tree to-night. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upward to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child; gather about it, not in the wild wood, but in four own homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of

So they took the fir-tree from its place, and carried it in joyful procession to the edge of the glade, and laid it on one of the sledges. The horse tossed his head and drew bravely at his load, as if the new burden had lightened it. When they came to the village, Alvold bade them open the doors of his great hall and set the tree in the midst of it.

The New Two-Dollar Sliver Certificate.

New York Press. A magnificent engraving and perfect like-ness of Mr. Windom adorns the front of the new two-dollar certificates. The printing on the certificate is more open than on any bills that have yet been issued by the goverament, and is more distinct on that account. There is more paper exposed to view. The silk marking of the paper runs in two distinct lines across the bill, instead of lengthwise as formerly, and no matter in which way the bill is folded or handled a big figure two will stare the possessor in the face. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing seems to have adopted some new method for preventing the ink from spreading on the paper. It looks as though the bills had been re-sized after printing, which operation would have that effect, as well as to assist in the prevention of counter-feiting. The new certificates are a credit to the government in all respects.

Good Advice, St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The thing for good Republicans to do is to stand still and see the salvation of the

FATE LAUGHED AT HIS FAITH

Harrowing Tale of a Thrilling Border Life-Crime in the Gold-Fever Days.

An Eastern Youth Fell in with a Greaser and Sailor, Who Entrapped and Left Him to Die at the Bottom of a Colorado Shaft.

San Francisco Chreniele.

In the summer of 1850 three men penetrated that part of Colorado now known as Gunnison county. They were an American named Hall, a Cornish sailor named Goff. and a Spanish Indian, whose surname of Juarez was corrupted into "Horace" by his companions. They came from California gulch, in Lake county, Colorado, and were looking for gold. In those days the presence of ver was not suspected in part of the Rockies, and the mines were all "placers." They were all three adventurers, and Goff and the Spaniard were, in addition to that, frontier desperadoes of the worst class. Hall was a young fellow from Pennsylvania. They had fallen together hap-hazard and started on their adventure upon fortune with a few weeks' rations packed on a "burro," their tools, arms and the clothes they stood in.

They found, eventually, a promising spot | his progress to thorough salvation are someand went into camp. It was on the margin of a little stream, where the sand at first showed gold in the washing pans, but after a time the placer played out, and certain surface croppings prompted to sink a shaft. As they went down the ore that they had encountered, a sort of rotten quartz, seemed continually on the point of growing richer, but continually failed, so a month's time found them with an unprofitable bole of fifty feet, worn out, discouraged, angry-in brief, ripe for trouble of

Old miners will never go into the mountains with a party of three. They know that barmony is impossible in such a group, and the present instance was a case in point. Hall had favored going on with the work; the other two were eager to abandon and reproached him with the failure. This led to hard words, quarrels and nights when never a word was spoken at all. An older hand would have smelled blood in the air, but Hall, as I have said, was a young fellow, and, besides this, he had a tolerably good opinion of himself. One morning all three went to the shaft. Hall and Horace descending and Goff remaining above to work the windlass. They ascended and descended by means of a rude rope ladder, as one man's strength did not suffice to draw them up in the bucket. In the course of an hour or two the Spaniard made some excuse to return to the surface, and while he was gone Hall filled the bucket. He gave the signal, and up it went, but when he turned to his pick again he heard a peculiar noise, and looked around to see the rope ladder being withdrawn. It was then a dozen feet above his head. At that his veins ran ice, and his

LEFT TO DIE IN A HOLE. "Hello! above there!" he shouted. "Don't take that ladder out!" By that time both ladder and bucket were clear of the shaft, and the flat sinister

face of the Cornishman peered over the "Bawl away, lad!" he called tauntingly; "we'll gin 'e summat to bawl about!"

"God in heaven!" yelled the miner, "you ain't going to leave me here, are you?" The Spaniard appeared at the verge with schunk of rock in his hands. "What for you cry?" he said. "You love the minever' good-you stay in him. Stop now, or I smash you dead!" But the Cornishman remonstrated. It

last, laughing heartily, they waved him adien and went away. Ten minutes later unto the ceaseless movement in the lives he heard the burro's hoofs patter down the of men." gulch, and knew he was abandoned. Hall eat down and tried to think. He knew that rescue by other miners was impossible, for they were the only white men in the district. Discovery by the Indians was a contingency almost equally remote, and such a thing would mean nothing less than the stake. The sides of the shaft were not timbered and it was altogether out of the question to attempt to climb them. He was caught, like a trapped rat, and tarn the issue however he would, it took no other form than death. In fact, he was looking death right between the eyes. In a few hours he must begin to suffer from thirst: in a few more from hunger. Then all the bideous stages of famine and madness. He was buried alive. His hair stood on end at the thought, and, spurred by terror, he leaped to his feet and split the air with shrieks and curses. The hollow shaft echoed them back again until his lungs wore themselves out and he was still. The situation was deadly in its very

simplicity, but still be could not make up his mind to die. Between his paroxysms of horror he gathered his senses and conjured up and dismissed a thousand hopeless plans. Only one did he attempt to put into execution; that was to cut steps in the shall flow this night save that which pity shaft side. He carved a dozen with his has drawn from a mother's breast. For this pick, but the soft formation crumbled under his toes and he knew it was vaiu. Thus the balance of the day passed and the Morning found him pacing a circle at the

bottom of the shaft, his eyes glassy, his breath coming in quick gasps and his hands weaving the air in aimless gesticulation. The torments of thirst and hunger, angmented a hundred fold by anticipation, were upon him. Sometimes he sobbed like a child, sometimes he dropped on his knees and tried to pray, and again he sprang to his feet with a jargon of oaths, shook his elenched fist, and called on his murderers to meet him in perdition. SEIZED BY AN IDEA.

When he looked upward he saw a blue disk of sky, cut in twain by the windlass bar. He stared at this, and as he stared he gave a sudden yell of joy. He seized his pick and scrutinized the handle. It was made of stout, well-seasoned hickory, and very carefully he split off a piece from end to end about the bigness of his thumb. Then he tapered it gently at the extremities. It was true and elastic, and sprang under his fingers like steel. This done he snatched off his boots. Thanks to the love of an old mother back in Pennsylvania, he wore long blue socks, knitted of sound, honest, homely yarn. He loosened a strand with trembling touch, and it un-raveled readily. In a little while it lay in a coil at his feet. Then he stood erect and thought. What had he about him that would make a rope? He stripped himself to his flannels, and tore his clothing, piece by piece, to strips. He tied and tested them. It was not long enough. He split his leather belt in two; he twisted his anspenders into eight feet of cord; his coat was lined with a twilled stuff that pulled apart in strands and gave him twenty feet more. He would have stripped stark naked, but his underclothes were made of goods too

flimsy to stand the strain.

At last he judged he had enough, and set about to fashion an arrow from the balance of his pick. He made one, heavy at the end and light in the shaft, and strung the other piece into a bow with braided yarn. He laid the balance of the yarn in a loose circle, tied the end to the arrow, and with his heart throbbing like mad, made

By this time it was afternoon. At the first attempt the arrow struck the side and clattered back, bringing some loose dirt with it. He laid the yarn and tried again. Up went the arrow and dropped outside. The miner felt the sweat start on his forehead, and very tenderly, lest he might break the string, he drew it in again. The next time he did not dare look up. Had he done so he would have seen the arrow leap straight and true into the outer air, pause for an instant like a bird on wing, and drop back on the other side of the windlass

It fell at his feet, and when he saw the cord suspended in the air he burst into wild tears of joy. His hand shook so that he could scarcely attach the rope, but it was made fast at last, and went slowly up, over and back again. He waited not an in-Minneapolis convention, and then, as with | stant, but, gathering his strength for a final two tremendous feet-as long as from the effort, seized the rope and started up, hand Attantic to the Pacific, and as wide as from | over hand. But before he ascended the great lakes to the gulf-to jump on the a dozen feet he was seized with a Democratic party and put it down so as to premonition so potent that he slid The Sunday Journal, \$2 Per Annum

penciled his name and story on the margin. "That in case of an accident," he muttered between his teeth, and when he did so. Had he forgotten it this story, at least, would never have been told, for when he was within a fathom of the top, when his haggard eyes had caught the green crests of the pines and the free air of heaven was in his mouth, the weak rope parted, and he fell headlong into space. Some wandering miners found his corpse the next year. The Cornishman and the Spaniard were never heard of again,

THE EXPECTORATOR.

The Smoker May Be Tolerated, but the Chewer and Spitter Must Go.

Philadelphia Press. There are, of course, distinctions and degrees in the individuals of the family, but of all those who rise above their fellows distinguished for the qualities that damn and characteristics that disgust the tobaccochewing and expectorating object of humanity is the worst. This is our national sin, and a grievous error it is beyond doubt. In all the years that the habit has been the subject of denunciations from abroad and upbraidings from at home, there has been a slow and steady improvement in the centers that at least affect culture and regard refinement. But, while one must go South or West to find the true habitat of the homo salivandus, he is still enough in evidence in these parts of intelligence to become a factor of aunoyance to everyday life, especially that portion of it spent in

the street-car. What racking of mind, shattering of nerves, nauseating of membranes, has been the result of standing by one of these outcasts of humanity, with his quid in his mouth and cold blood in his heart! The details of the method and the manner of thing one cannot dwell upon, but once experienced it is ever a memory as of a nightmare. The conclusion that society at large must come to is that the tobacco-chewer should and must be suppressed. He can be if those endowed with a light higher than that which leads to the working of one's maxillaries over masses of licorice and leaf and factory dirt would simply start an universal crusade. Let the women begin it at home, carry it on in public, and the nonexpectorating public will join with them in making the chewer a parish, and it will not be long before cuspidors, whether of wood, or sawdust, or porcelain, or iron, or pottery, will be banished and the level of general decency will be screwed up one peg

THE NEW REALISTIC NOVEL. Effort of an Unknown Writer Who Seems to Have Read Howells,

Having been requested to publish some extracts from a new realistic novel upon which I am now engaged, I venture to select a portion of what is, perhaps, the most truly significant chapter in the book-the key-note, if I may make bold enough to say so, of the entire work:
"'Yes,' said Carleton, gravely, touching
the horse with the end of the whip, it is

indeed an almost perfect day, Miss Fla-"He glanced at his companion as he spoke, but the young girl did not answer. She continued to gaze at the scenery around them, and to quietly twist her parasol, which was tilted over her shoulder, in order to screen her better from the sun. This parasol, which was a silk one of about peril flashed before his mind as clear as day. medium size, reminded Carleton strongly of one which his sister had once carried; he wondered vaguely what had become of this, and fell to speculating as to the average price of parasols. He said to himself, with a sudden twinge of consciousness, that it was absurd to think of such trivial things; but he reflected that, after all, he had nothing more to think of just then. It occurred to him, however, that it

might be well to say something.
"'Hem-m,' he said lightly, 'do you know, Miss Flamingo, such a day as this always makes me feel as though I could live out of doors all the time?' "'Really?' she answered, simply. 'I have felt just that way myself at times. How strange it is, is it not?

"Neither of them spoke again for a little while. In stlence they rolled along behind the horse, watching the sun sink in the was a bit of satanic cruelty more to his | west, and the wheels of the dog-cart turnfancy to let the fellow starve there, and at | ing round and round and ever round, always in the same general direction, like



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The same rule applies to disease-use the right

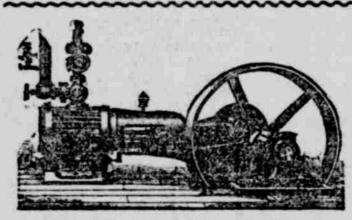
remedy before it is too late. All, therefore, who find their powers of mind and thought weakened, their nerves unstrung and unsteady, nights sleepless and unrefreshing, bodies tired and exhausted, blood poor, with malaria, digestion impaired, kidneys and liver out of order and bowels constipated, should realize that they are sinking in the quicksand of disease, and that they must use Dr. Greene's Nervura tocure now-atonce-or it may be fatally

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